

# The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, 1885.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## WHITE Dress Goods!

### COMPLETE STOCK

## PRICES

To astonish everybody.

Victoria Lawns,  
India Linens,  
Jaquonettes,  
Nansooks, plain and checks,  
Swisses, figured and plain,  
Marceilles.

## LACE STRIPES

From 8c. Upwards.

## LACES!

Medicis, Torchon,  
Oriental Valenciennes,  
and Spanish.

## IN ENDLESS VARIETY

and at prices never before known.

## Embroideries

## Insertings

at remarkable

## LOW PRICES.

## Louis Wolf & Co.,

54 Calhoun Street.

Also, sell Domestic Perfect Fitting  
Paper Patterns.

## JOHN WILSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

In the Best Brands of

## Anthracite and Soft

## COAL.

LIKEWISE,

## CRUSHED COKE,

In three sizes: Nut No. 4, Furnace  
and Cannon Coal.

## CHARCOAL, WOOD.

Four-foot and in Block or Split. Kindling and  
Cedar Fence Posts.

Orders by Telephone No. 100 promptly at-  
tended to.

Yard and track connects with the P., F. W.  
& C., and the G. & I. Railroads, corner Clin-  
ton and Railroad streets. 124m

P. McCULLOUGH, M. D. R. McCULLOUGH, M. D.

## T. P. & H. McCullough,

### PHYSICIANS.

Office 120 Harrison Street

## THE MARKETS.

Toledo Market.

Wheat, week; No. 2 April, 80¢; May,  
81¢ bid; June, 82¢ bid; July, 83¢ bid;  
No. 2, soft, 86¢.  
Corn, quiet; No. 2, cash, 42¢ bid;  
March, 42¢ asked; May, 43¢;  
Oats, dull; No. 2, cash, 31¢ bid;  
April, 32¢; May, 33¢; June, 34¢;  
Cloverseed, quiet; prime, 5 00 asked.

Chicago Market.

CHICAGO, March 6, 1885.  
Wheat opened excited, with first sales  
for May delivery 82½, but under heavy  
selling and little foreign news prices  
fell off ¼, the market closing ¼ under  
latest figures of yesterday; 75¢ cash or  
March; 76¢ April; 81¢ May; 82¢ June.  
Corn, steady; 38¢ cash or March; 38½¢  
April; 41¢ May.  
Oats, firm; 27½¢ cash or March; 27½¢  
April; 31¢ May.  
Rye, easier; 62¢.  
Barley, nominal; 63¢.  
Flaxseed, 1 46.  
Pork, steady, but somewhat lower;  
12 40 March; 12 45 April; 12 57½ May.  
Lard, steady; 6 85 March; 6 90 April;  
6 97½ May.

## CONFIRMED.

President Cleveland's Cabinet Confirmed

To-day in the United States

Senate.

Cleveland Offers His Signature to the

Bill Placing Grant on the

Retired List.

The Crowds at the White House Greater

To-day than Yesterday--Wash-

ington Gossip.

Congressional News.

By Telegram to THE SENTINEL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6.—The

cabinet are all confirmed.

After reading the journal VanWyck

was recognized, and offered the follow-

ing resolution for which he asked im-

mediate consideration:

Resolved, That the secretary of the

interior be directed to inform the senate

whether patents have been issued for

lands granted in 1871 to the New Orleans,

Baton Rouge and Vicksburg, popularly

known as the Backbone railroad. If so,

for what number of acres, to what cor-

poration or individuals, whose receipt

was taken for the same; when signed;

whether unusual means were used to

hasten preparation and execution of said

patents; whether the clerical force em-

ployed worked at nights and Sundays

so they might be completed before

March 4; what day they were ready for

the signature of the president; what

necessity existed for any special exertion

to secure the completion and signature

before the fourth day of March, and

whether anything was done to protect

the actual settlers in their rights to

any such lands. Also whether previous

to the fourth of March anything was

done or written in regard to any other

unearned land grants for which the

congress had been asked to pass

legislation. Edmunds objected to present

consideration and under the rules the

matter was over for a day.

How laid before the senate a letter he

had received from the president of the

Union Pacific railway, which he asked

might be printed for information.

The following confirmations were then

made:

Secretary of state, Thomas F. Bayard,

of Delaware.

Secretary of the treasury, Daniel

Manning, of New York.

Secretary of war, William C. Endicott,

of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the navy, William C.

Whitney, of New York.

Secretary of the interior, L. Q. C.

Lamar, of Mississippi.

Post master general, William F. Vilas,

of Wisconsin.

Attorney general, A. H. Garland, of

Arkansas.

The New President.

By Telegram to THE SENTINEL.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—The first

official act of President Cleveland was

the nomination of his cabinet; his second

was to offer his signature to the com-

mission of U. S. Grant as an officer on

the retired list of the army with the rank

of general.

The crowd of callers at the white

house to-day was even greater than that

of yesterday. They began to arrive be-

fore the doors opened and continued

coming in large numbers all day. The

president received some of them in the

library and others in the east room, just

as it happened to be convenient.

This arrangement kept him busy

running up and down the stairs.

The majority of the callers consisted

of delegations from the different states.

Among them were the following: Vir-

ginia headed by Representatives Bur-

bour and Wiser; West Virginia, headed

by Senators Camden and Kenna; Iowa,

headed by Representative Pury; Mis-

sour, two delegations, one headed by

Representative Bland, the other by

Representative-elect Heard; Alabama,

with Representative Wheeler; Michi-

gan, with Representative Maybury;

Illinois, with Representative Spricker;

New York, with Representative Hingcor;

New Jersey, with Representative Brew-

er; Louisiana, with Representative

Blanchard.

The members of the national demo-

cratic committee also called in a body.

Among other callers were Attorney

General Garland, Senator Jones, Gen. Jos.

E. Johnston, Wash. McLean, Attorney

General O'Brien, of New York, Silas H.

Burt, of New York, Ex-Senator Her-

ford, Representatives Turner and Mc-

Adoo, General Hancock and General

Farnsworth. The president to-day ac-

cepted the resignation of Mr. Arthur's

cabinet and signed the commissions of

the new cabinet officers. They will

probably enter on the discharge of their

duties to-morrow.

He Was Not a "Professor."

By Telegram to THE SENTINEL.

CLEVELAND, March 6.—An attempt

was made last night to assassinate

Prof. A. J. Esch, superintendent of

German in the public schools. Some

time ago a huckster named George

Street, drove his wagon against Esch's

sleigh damaging it badly. Street re-

fused to settle the damages and Esch

had him arrested. He paid the fine in

police court and it was thought settled.

Last evening Street called at Esch's

house and after a short conversation

drew a large revolver from his pocket

saying he would shoot Esch. A fierce

struggle ensued and Esch finally ob-

tained possession of the weapon.

Every chamber of which was loaded.

Street was under the influence of liquor

and Esch permitted him to go.

Latest Foreign News.

By Cable to THE SENTINEL.

LONDON, March 5.—The commons

voted 330,000 pounds sterling for extra

naval expenses for the construction of

ironclads.

In the commons this afternoon

Gladstone said, public policy forbade

his answering questions respecting the

Russo-Afghan frontier difficulty.

The Marquis of Hartington announ-

ced that the government intended to

increase the strength of the army.

The Berlin correspondent of the

Times, in a long letter, attacks Bis-

marck for indifference, deceit and de-

liberate falsehood in his dealings with

England, in regard to Germany's

courts in South Africa.

Americans Arrested.

By Telegram to THE SENTINEL.

PANAMA, February 24.—Two Ameri-

cans were among the foreigners ar-

rested on the United States steamer

Wachusett, which had been in Guyana-

pet where the conferences were held

between President Cosmiano, her cap-

tain, and vice-consul Reinberg. The

Ecuadorian authorities claim that San-

tos is an Ecuadorian citizen and deny

that his naturalization papers from the

United States should protect him. The

Wachusett has gone to Manta to open

communication with Santos, who is in

jail in an interior village. She will

then go to Balba and inquire into the

manner in which United States vice

consul Guddard was treated and why

Mr. Constantine, an American resi-

dent in the port, was deprived of his

goods by order of the military salaraps

after Flores' chief offender had left.

PERSONAL MENTION.

S. Oppenheimer is at Indianapolis.

J. T. Hanna has returned from Lafayette.

Harry C. Hanna came home from Chi-

cago this morning.

L. A. Centlivre is at Chicago on busi-

ness for the French brewery.

M. B. Mahuran, the architect, was at

the Boddy house, Toledo, yesterday.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean notes the

arrival of Mr. John H. Bass at the Grand

Pacific hotel.

Sup't. C. C. Parry, of the telephone

exchange, was at Bluffton this week look-

ing up business there.

George Ward, of Charlotte, Mich., is

at the Mayer house. He is here to es-

tablish a carriage repository.

D. R. McFeeley yesterday entertained

his friend, Billy Burleigh, of New York.

Burleigh is a great billiardist.

The Angola Republican says: "Miss

Grace Newell, of Fort Wayne, is visit-

ing with the family of J. A. J. Sowle."

Col. R. S. Robertson, W. S. Oppen-

heimer, S. L. Morris, C. H. Aldrich and

J. M. Barrett are at Indianapolis in the

Pierr bankruptcy case.

J. M. Weiler, Toledo; A. J. Norris,

Memphis; F. T. Short, Cleveland; J. A.

Springer and Philip Springer, Berne,

Ind.; A. R. Gould, M. L. Wade, Chi-

cago; Mae Finley and wife, Warsaw; Dan

A. Denise New York; Webb Hoffensett,

Springfield, Ohio; H. Emeking, Cincin-

nati; A. E. Bennett, Philadelphia; M.

M. Smithing, Buffalo, are at the Mayer

house.

Simon Tuck, J. D. Hamburg, Old L.

Sharpe, E. T. Newton, New York; A. J.

Wampler, Chicago; W. H. Waterbury,

New York; Thos. Wickenden, Toledo;

C. F. Shepard, Toledo; Sig Meyer, Cin-

cinnati; S. M. Simington, A. J. Gold-

smith, Philadelphia; G. A. Pierce, New

York; M. Roth, Chicago; W. J. Lock-

wood, New York; M. Zallin, Akron, Ohio;

Alex J. Walker, Chicago; P. Kittling,

Douneau; Robert Childs, Poughkeepsie;

C. M. Feller, Cleveland; H. Smith,

Jackson; W. H. Sheller, Grand Rapids;

Jno. N. Parker, John Shindler, New

York; I. Jenkinson, Richmond; F.

Walebaum, Big River, Michigan; J. L.

Millard, Toledo; J. Minneke, Chicago;

E. H. Hipple, Cleveland; J. Garlick,

New York; J. W. Andrews, Toledo;

S. Bichel, G. E. Angier, New York; R.

C. Deardorff, Cleveland; Jas. S. Hoyt,

St. Louis; A. B. Fenton, Chicago; and

Wm. Burleigh, New York, are at the

Avelline house.

## THE SUNSET

Of General Grant's Life Must Soon Give

Way to the Sunrise of

Eternity,

But a Diagnosis of His Case Shows

There is No Cause of Im-

mediate Fear.</

**Holiday Present**  
**FOR A MAN!**  
Just get him a copy of "Step-  
pelt's Modern Low-Cost House-  
How to Build Them," a large and  
beautiful Atlas giving cuts and de-  
scriptions of 30 modern houses.  
It will please him immensely.  
Free 30c. postpaid. Address:  
BUILDING PLAN ASSOCIATES,  
100 Madison Ave., New York.





**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Stomach, Catarrh, Liver, and Nerve. It is an infallible remedy for Diseases of the Blood and Liver. It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the system, cause headache, or produce constipation—other iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, cures Liver, Biliousness and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves. For Intermittent Fevers, Lascitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal. The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

# The Daily Sentinel.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1885.

The Only Paper in the City That Receives Fresh News.

PORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 8. This is to certify that THE PORT WAYNE SENTINEL and the Fort Wayne Gazette are the only newspapers in the city of Fort Wayne that are members of the Western Associated Press.

O. L. PERRY, Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office.

## LOCAL NEWS.

The British museum is at last to be opened on Sunday.

Mr. H. W. Bridgen, of Bennington township, Iowa, states that he was cured of rheumatism by a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful pain reliever.

Iceland has seven weekly newspapers and one monthly magazine.

Nutritious food is essential as a means of restoring a consumptive to health. A medicine that will strengthen the lungs and soothe all irritation is also necessary. Such a remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is the only preparation of wild cherry that gives complete satisfaction. It quickly cures coughs and colds.

Secretary McCulloch will shortly return to his Maryland farm.

"I was all run down, and Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the medicine I needed," write hundreds of people. Take it now. 100 doses \$1.

Physicians say that about 14 per cent. of school children suffer from headache.

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born," still could not be called exactly enviable, for when he tilled the ground in the dewy twilight and caught a sharp touch of rheumatism, he had no Salvation Oil for his cure, and no twenty-five cents to try it.

At Central City, Col., the Congregational church has been rented for a roller skating rink.

Oscar Wilde talks of coming back and says he won't mind the ocean trip, so long as he can get plenty of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to kill off colds.

Senator Edmunds tells his friends that he is seriously thinking of retiring from the senate when his term expires, two years hence.

The Hop Plaster will cure Bock Ache, and all other pains instantly. 25 cents only, at druggists.

Sir Thomas Brassey, one of the richest men in the world, says that the life of the rich man is not a happy one.

**How to be Beautiful.**

Ladies you can be sure of this: that you can not have rosy cheeks and a clear complexion unless you are in good health. Disease always spoils beauty. Parker's tonic purifies the blood, invigorates the organs, drives all bad humors out of the system, and makes the plainest face attractive. Tell your husbands.

**Rheumatism Quickly Cured.**

There has never been a medicine for rheumatism introduced in Fort Wayne that has given such universal satisfaction as Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It stands out alone as the one great remedy that actually cures this dread disease. It is taken internally and never has and never can fail to cure the worst case in the shortest time. It has the endorsement and recommendation of many leading physicians in this state and elsewhere. It is sold by every druggist at \$1. Write for free 40 page pamphlet to R. K. Helphinstine, druggist, Washington, D. C. nov 20 daw-7m

**Cheep.**

I have bought a large assortment of guns, gun goods, fishing tackle, etc., etc., at Max G. Lade's bankrupt sale, which I offer at one-half their cost price.

O. H. MILLER, Proprietor Sportsman's Headquarters, 5-24

**THE OLD NATIONAL BANK**

—SUCCESSOR TO—

**THE PORT WAYNE NATIONAL BANK,**

Southwest Corner Main and Clinton Streets.

Sells drafts on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin and all the principal cities of Europe.

CASHIER: T. B. DRAPE, Issues Letters of Credit and Circular Notes through the American Exchange in Europe (limited) for use of travelers. Buys and sells Government Bonds for customers without extra commission. Feb 18 1885

# LOVE OR MONEY.

The Best Story of the Season.

[Continued.]

"Monckton," said Colonel Clifford, "that is not his name. It is Meredith. He is a clergyman." Bartley examined him very suspiciously, and Monckton, during this examination, looked perfectly calm and innocent. Meantime a note was brought to Colonel Clifford from Grace: "Papa was the witness. He is quite sure the bridegroom was not our Walter. He thinks it must have been the other clerk, Leonard Monckton, who robbed Mr. Bartley, and put some of the money into 'ear Walter's' pockets to ruin him, and papa saved him. Don't let him escape."

Colonel Clifford's eye flashed with triumph, but he controlled himself. "Say I will give it due attention," said he. "I'm busy now."

And the servant retired.

"Now, sir," said he, "is this a case of mistaken identity, or is your name Leonard Monckton?"

"Colonel Clifford," said the hypocrite, "I'll tell you that I would be made to suffer for the past, since I came here only on an errand of mercy. Yes, sir, in my unregenerate days I was Leonard Monckton. I disgraced the name. But I repented, and when I adopted the sacred calling of a clergyman I put away the past, name and all. I was that man's clerk; and so," said he, spitefully, and forgetting his sing-song, "was your son Walter Clifford. Was that not so, Mr. Bartley?"

"Don't speak to me, sir," said Bartley. "I shall say nothing to gratify you nor to affect Colonel Clifford."

"Speak the truth, sir," said Colonel Clifford; "never mind the consequences."

"Well, then," said Bartley, very unwillingly, "they were clerks in my office, and this one robbed me."

"One thing at a time," said Monckton. "Did I rob you of twenty thousand pounds, as you robbed Mr. Walter Clifford?"

His voice became still more incisive, and the curtain of the little room opened a little and two eyes of fire looked in.

"Do you remember one fine day your clerk, Walter Clifford, asking you for leave of absence—to be married?"

Bartley turned his back on him contemptuously.

But Colonel Clifford insisted on his replying.

"Yes, he did," said Bartley, sullenly.

"But," said the Colonel, quietly, "he thought better of it, and so—you married her yourself."

This bayonet thrust was so keen and sudden that the villain's self-possession left him for once. His mouth opened in dismay, and his eyes, roving to and fro, seemed to seek a door to escape.

But there was no door for him. The curtains were drawn right and left with power, and there stood Grace Clifford, beautiful, but pale and terrible. She marched toward him with eyes that rooted him to the spot, and then she stopped.

"Now hear me, for he has tortured me, and tried to kill me. Look at his white face turning ghastly beneath his paint at the sight of me; look at his thin lips, and his devilish eyebrows, and his restless eyes. This is the man that bribed the clerk to do his dirty work."

These last words, ringing from her lips like the trumpet of doom, were answered, as swiftly as gunpowder explodes at a lighted touch, by a furious yell, and in a moment the room seemed a forest of wild beasts. A score of raging miners came upon him from every side, dragging, tearing, beating, kicking, cursing, yelling. He was down in a moment, then soon up again, then dragged out of the room, nails, fists, and heavy boots all going, stripped to the shirt, screaming like a woman. A dozen assailants rolled down the steps, with him in the midst of them. He got clear for a moment, but twenty more rushed at him, and again he was torn and battered and kicked. "Police! police!" he cried; and at last the detectives who came to seize him rushed in, and Colonel Clifford, too, with the voice of a stentor, cried, "The law! Respect the law, or you are ruined men."

And so at last the law he had so dreaded raised up a host of champions; nothing left on him but one bone and fragments of a shirt, ghastly, bleeding, covered with bruises, insensible, and to all appearance dead.

After a short consultation, they carried him, by Colonel Clifford's order, to the Dun Cow, where Lucy, it may be remembered, was awaiting his triumphant return.

## CHAPTER XXVI. STRANGE TURNS.

And yet this catastrophe rose out of a mistake. When the detective asked Jem Davies to watch the lawn, he never suspected that the clergyman was the villain who had been concerned in that explosion. But Davies, a man of few ideas and full of his own wrong, took for granted, as such minds will, that the policeman would not have spoken to him if this had not been his affair; so he and his fellows gathered about the steps and watched the drawing-room. They caught a glimpse of Monckton, but that only puzzled them. His appearance was inconsistent with the only description they had got—in fact opposed to it. It was Grace Clifford's denunciation, trumpet-tongued, that let loose savage justice on the villain. Never was a woman's voice so fatal, or so swift to slay. She would have undone her work. The fury she had launched she could not recall. As for Bartley, words can hardly describe his abject terror. He crouched, he slithered, he moaned, he almost swooned; and long after it was all over he was found crumpled in a corner of the little room, and his very reason appeared to be shaken. Judge Lynch had passed him, but too near. The freezing shadow of Retribution chilled him.

Colonel Clifford looked at him with contemptuous pity, and sent him home with John Baker in a close carriage.

Lucy Monckton was in the parlor of the Dun Cow waiting for her master. The detectives and some out-door servants of Clifford Hall brought a short ladder and paillasses, and something covered with blankets, to the door. Lucy saw, but did not suspect the truth. They had not murmured consultation with the landlady. During this Mark Waddy came down, and there was some more whispering, and soon the battered body was taken up to Mark Waddy's room and deposited on his bed. The detectives retired to consult, and Waddy had to break the calamity to Mrs. Monckton. He did this as well as he could; but it little matters how such blows are struck. Her agony was great, and greater when she saw him, for she rushed entirely at attempts to keep her from him. She installed herself at

once as his nurse, and Mark sadly retired to a garret.

A surgeon came by Colonel Clifford's order and examined Monckton's bruised body and shook his head. He reported that there were no bones broken, but there were probably grave internal injuries. These, however, he could not specify at present, since there was no sensibility in the body; so pressure on the injured parts elicited no groans. He prescribed egg and brandy in small quantities, and showed Mrs. Monckton how to administer it to a patient in that desperate condition.

His last word was in private to Waddy, "I'll have a look at you, or even groans aloud, sent for me. Otherwise you are dead, and I shall be hanged."

Some hours after Waddy called as a magistrate to see if the suffer had any deposition to make. But he was mute, and his eyes fixed.

As Colonel Clifford returned, one of the detectives accosted him and asked him for a warrant to arrest him.

"Not in his present condition," said the magistrate, "I cannot do so."

"And may, sir, why did not you interfere sooner and prevent this lawless act?"

"Well, sir, unfortunately we were on the other side of the house."

"Exactly; you had orders to be in one place, so you must be in another. See the consequence. The honest men have put themselves in the wrong, and this fellow in the right. He will die a sort of victim, with his guilt suspected only, not proved."

Having thus snubbed the Force, the old soldier turned his back on them and went home, where Grace met him, all anxiety, and received his report. She implored him not to proceed any further against the man, and declared she should fly the country rather than go into a court of law as witness against him.

"Humph!" said the Colonel; "but you are the only witness."

"All the better for him," said she; "then he will die in peace. My tongue has killed the man once; it shall never kill him again."

About six next morning Monckton beckoned Lucy. She came eagerly to him; he whispered to her, "Can you keep a secret?"

"You know I can," said she.

"Then never let any one know I have spoken."

"No, dear, never. Why?"

"I dread the law more than death," and he shuddered all over. "Save me from the law."

"I will," said she. "Leave that to me."

She wired for Mr. Middleton as soon as possible.

The next day there was no change in the patient. He never spoke to anybody, except a word or two to Lucy, in a whisper, when they were quite alone.

In the afternoon down came Lawyer Middleton. Lucy told him what he knew, but Monckton would not speak, even to him. He had to get hold of Waddy before he understood the whole case.

Waddy was in Monckton's secret, and, indeed, in everybody's. He knew it was folly to deceive your lawyer, so he was frank. Mr. Middleton learned his client's guilt and danger, but also that his enemies had flaws in their armor.

The first shot he fired was to get warrants out against a dozen miners, Jem Davies included, for a murderous assault; but he made no arrests, he only summoned. So one or two took fright and fled. Middleton had counted on that, and it made the case worse for those that remained. Then, by means of friends in Derby, he worked the Press.

An article appeared headed, "Our Savages." It related with righteous indignation how Mr. Bartley's miners had burned the dead body of a miner suspected of having fired the mine, and put his own life in jeopardy as well as those of others; and then, not content with that monstrous act, had fallen upon and beaten to death a gentleman in whom they thought they detected a resemblance to some person who had been, or was suspected of being that miner's accomplice; "but so far from that," said the writer, "we are now informed, on sure authority, that the gentleman in question is a large and wealthy landed proprietor, quite beyond any temptation to crime or dishonesty, and had actually visited this part of the world only in the character of a peace-maker, and to discharge a very delicate commission, which it would not be our business to publish, even if the details had been collected by us."

The article concluded with a hope that these monsters "would be taught that even if they were below the standard of humanity they were not above the law."

Middleton attended the summons, gave his name and address, and informed the magistrate that his client was a large landed proprietor, and it looked like a case of mistaken identity. His client was actually dying of his injuries, but he was hoped for justice.

But the detectives had taken care to be present, and so they put in their word. They said that they were prepared to prove, at a proper time, that the wounded man was really the person who had been heard by Mrs. Walter Clifford to bribe Ben Burnley to fire the mine.

"We have nothing to do with that now," said the magistrate. "One thing at a time, please. I cannot let these people murder a convicted felon, far less a suspected criminal that has not been tried. The wounded man proceeds, according to law, through a respectable attorney. These men, whom you are virtually defending, have taken the law into their own hands. Are your witnesses here, Mr. Middleton?"

"Not at present, and when I was interrupted, I was about to ask your worship to grant me an adjournment for that purpose. It will not be a great hardship to the accused, since we proceed by summons. I fear I have been too long for two or three of them have absconded since the summons was served."

"I am not surprised at that," said the magistrate; "however, you know your own business."

Then the police applied for a warrant of arrest against Monckton.

"Oh!" cried Middleton, with the air of a man thoroughly shocked and scandalized.

"Certainly not," said the magistrate; "I shall not disturb the course of justice; there is not even an ex parte case against this gentleman at present. Such an application must be supported by a witness, and a disinterested one." So all the parties retired crest-fallen except Mr. Middleton; as for him, he was imitating a small but ingenious specimen of nature—the cuttle-fish. This little creature, when pursued by its enemies, discharges an inky fluid which obscures the water all around, and then it starts off and escapes.

One dark night, at two o'clock in the morning, there came to the door of the Dun Cow an invalid carriage, or rather omnibus, with a spring-bed and every convenience. The wheels were covered thick with India-rubber: relays had

been provided, and Monckton and his party rolled along day and night to Liverpool. The detectives followed six hours later, and traced them to Liverpool very cleverly, and, with the assistance of the police, raked the town for them, and got all the great steamers watched, especially those that were bound westward, but their bird was at sea, in a Liverpool merchant's own steamboat, hired for two months' trip. The pursuers found this out too, but for a fortnight they were lost.

"It's no Bill," said one to the other. "There's a lawyer and a pot of money against us. Let it sleep awhile."

The steamboat coasted England in beautiful weather; the sick man began to revive, and to eat a little, and to talk a little, and to suffer a good deal at times. Before they had been long at sea Mr. Middleton had a confidential conversation with Mrs. Monckton. He told her he had been very secret with her for her good, and said, "This Monckton had no deep regard for me, and was capable of turning you adrift in prosperity; and I knew that if I told you everything you would let it out to him, and tempt him to play the villain. But the time is come that I must speak, in justice to you both. That estate he left your son half in joke is virtually his. Fourteen years ago, when he last looked into the matter, there were eleven lives between it and him; but, strange to say, whilst he was at Portland the young lives went one after the other, and there were really only five left when he made that will. Now comes the extraordinary part; a fortnight ago three of those lives passed in a single steamboat accident on the Clyde; that left a woman of eighty-two and a man of ninety between your husband and the estate. The lady was related to the persons who were drowned, and she has since died; she had been long ailing, and it is believed that the shock was too much for her. The survivor is the actual proprietor, old Carruthers; but I am the London agent to his solicitor, and he was very ready to me to be in extremis the very day before I left London. To join me, I shall run into a port near the place, and you will not land; but I shall, and obtain precise information. In the meantime, mind, your husband's name is Carruthers. Any communication from me will be to Mrs. Carruthers, and you will tell that man as much, or as little, as you think proper; if you make any disclosure, give yourself all the credit you can; say you shall take him to his own house under a new name, and shield him against all pursuit. As for me, I tell you plainly, my great hope is that he will not live long enough to turn you adrift and dishonor your boy."

To cut short for the present this extraordinary part of our story, Lewis Carruthers, alias Leonard Monckton, entered a fine house and took possession of eleven thousand acres of hilly pasture, and the undivided moiety of a lake brimful of fish. He accounted for his change of name by the favors Carruthers, deceased, had shown him. Therein he did his best to lie, but his present vein of luck turned it into the truth. Old Carruthers had become so peevish that all his relations disliked him, and he disliked them. So he left his personal estate to his heir-at-law simply because he had never seen him. The personality was very large. The house was full of pictures, and China, and cabinets, etc. There was a large balance at the banker's, a heavy fall of timber not paid for, rents due, and as many as two thousand four hundred sheep upon that hill, which he old fellow had kept in his own hand. So, when the new proprietor took possession as Carruthers, nobody was surprised, though many were furious. Lucy installed him in a grand suit of apartments as an invalid, and let nobody come near him. Waddy was dismissed with a magnificent present, and could be trusted to hold his tongue. By the advice of Middleton, not a single servant was dismissed, and so no enemies were made. The family lawyer and steward were also retained, and, in short, all conversation was avoided. In a month or two the new proprietor began to improve in health, and drive about his own grounds, or be rowed on his lake, lying on soft beds.

But in the fifth month of his residence, local pains seized him, and he began to waste. For some time the precise nature of the disorder was obscure; but at last a rising surgeon declared it to be an abscess in the intestines (caused, no doubt, by external violence).

By degrees the patient became unable to take solid food, and the drain upon his system was too great for a mere mucilaginous diet to sustain him. Wasted to the bone, and yellow as a guinea, he presented a pitiable spectacle, and would gladly have exchanged his fine house and pictures, his heathery hills dotted with sheep, and his glassy lake full of spotted trout, for a ragged Irishman's bowl of potatoes and his mug of buttermilk, and his stomach

**LATE LOCAL NEWS.**

Please pay for your paper to-morrow. The collectors will call.

Miss Flora Stratton, of Wabash, is the guest of her brother, J. Q. Stratton.

The hour of social song to have been given at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. parlors this evening has been postponed.

C. G. Ralston, a democratic politician of Auburn, is in the city. He will be the next sheriff of DeKalb county.

The meetings in the Baptist church are being continued every evening and much good is being accomplished.

Orrin T. Thomas, assistant foreman of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is in the city to attend the funeral of his brother. Mr. Thomas was formerly a typo on THE SENTINEL and one of the cleverest fellows in the business.

**FOR LIFE.**

Fred Richards sentenced to the Penitentiary by Judge O'Rourke this afternoon.

The attorneys for Fred Richards argued the motion for a new trial for the murderer before Hon. Edward O'Rourke this afternoon. Mr. Henry Colerick opposed the issue, for the state, and Judge O'Rourke denied the prisoner a third trial. Richards then stood up and was committed to the prison north for the remainder of his life. Richards protested his innocence and left the court muttering vengeance. He dropped his head and was the picture of despair. His counsel may appeal the case. He will be taken to prison next week.

**FOR RENT.**

FOR RENT—A large house, suitable for a boarding house; has 15 rooms, water, gas and all conveniences. Inquire at 211 East Wayne street. 24-17

FOR SALE—A white chapel buggy, good as new. Inquire at this office. 24-17

**FOR SALE.**

FOR SALE—A good frame dwelling house on the corner of Marion and Fifth streets, all in good condition; price, \$1,500. Inquire of D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—Good frame house; stable, good well, cistern and fruit; all in first-class order; on Langhor street; price \$1,500; by D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—A good two-story brick dwelling house in Fairfield's addition; lot 126 foot square; sale at a bargain by D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—A good two-story brick dwelling house on Spry Run avenue, all in good condition; a rare bargain. Inquire of D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—Two-story frame dwelling house, on East street; all in good order; price, \$1,500. Inquire of D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—A good one-story frame dwelling house on East street; all in good order; price, \$1,500. Call on D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—A nice house and lot on Oregon Ave. on 2nd St. Price \$500. Inquire of D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—A good frame dwelling house and lot on Clark street; cheap at \$700. Inquire of D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—A good carpenter shop and full lot on Broadway. Price, \$1,500. Inquire of D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—Good two-story frame dwelling house on Spry Run avenue. By D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Taylor's street. Price \$1,000. Call on D. C. Fisher.

FOR SALE—Old papers at this office.

**WANTED.**

WANTED—By a widow with a babe eight months old, a place in some good family to assist with housework. Will ask very small pay. Address "M," this office. 6-17

WANTED—A young girl to do second work and care for children. Apply at 373 West Washington St. 20-17

WANTED—All persons to know that they can get good sodding, draining or sewer work done by calling on or addressing L. Brewey, Mechanical supply store, city, 46 Capital.

WANTED—A purchaser for a good two-story frame dwelling house, with eight rooms, good well, cistern, etc., all in good condition, with good stable annexed; fine lot on Maumee avenue; price \$2,500. Inquire of D. C. Fisher.

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in fine style and on short notice at the Sentinel office.

WANTED—To sell a two-story frame dwelling house on Maumee ave., in good condition and repair; price, \$1,500. See D. C. Fisher.

# HAPPENS PERHAPS!

ONCE IN A

# LIFE TIME

We have become the owners of 15 styles (about 500) of

JOHN B. STETSON & CO.'S

# FELT HATS!

that usually sell for \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, and \$5.00 which we will place on sale at the ridiculous low price of

# \$2.95 Each.

Come early and get choice, at either of our store. Next week, attractive sale of Men's All Wool Suits at attractive prices at 9 East Main street only.

9 East Main Street, or 258 Calhoun St. (Buck's old Stand).

# A. S. LAUFERTY & CO.

**A. FOSTER**

The Tailor, 15 W. Wayne St.,

Has just received a full line of West of England Broadcloths, Beavers, Doeskins Meltons and all the staple goods which judgment and good taste should require.

An Excellent Fit Always Guaranteed.

September 1-ly

# HAVING RECEIVED

MY STOCK OF

# Fall and Winter Piece Goods

I am prepared to wait upon you all. Come and see what the N. W. Corner of Main and Clinton streets.

# Barney Kramer,

Oct 1, 1884-17

Try Jones' 2 cab. photos, warranted.